

The Magnificent Interior Decorations and Furnishings of Salt Lake's New Commercial Club



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The Dinwoodey Furniture Company Win New Laurels for Their Part in the Execution of This Masterly Work—The Most Pretentious Interior of Any Club House in the West.

What Commercial Club Has Done for Salt Lake

Editor Herald-Republican:

Will you please publish in your next Sunday's edition, what, if anything, the Salt Lake Commercial club has accomplished for the benefit of Salt Lake City? A SUBSCRIBER.

ANSWER BY COMMERCIAL CLUB.

WHAT has the Commercial club done for Salt Lake City? is a question that, in a serious way, would come naturally to the mind of one who learns for the first time that Salt Lake, a city of less than 100,000 population, has one of the largest, most active and best equipped commercial organizations of any city in the United States.

The Commercial club, in providing for the erection of a building that, with site and furnishings, is worth \$400,000, has given Salt Lake one of the handsomest and best appointed club buildings in the United States, and probably the finest club building occupied and owned exclusively by any commercial organization in the United States.

Furthermore, and, in fact, the principal answer to the question: "Why is the Commercial club?" is the undisputed statement that the Salt Lake Commercial club furnishes the one location in the city of Salt Lake where business and professional men representing every interest in the city of Salt Lake and the state of Utah can meet on common ground.

There, with differences of creed forgotten and with prejudice and narrowness of every kind eliminated, the men who have made Salt Lake City what it is, and who are making it, meet on common ground. The Salt Lake of today and the Salt Lake of tomorrow, can meet and work for the best good of all the community. This policy of the Commercial club is foremost in the minds of the men who are actively engaged in the administration of its affairs and it is a principle that will be maintained consistently so long as the club shall exist.

Has its "Ups and Downs." The Salt Lake Commercial club has been in existence a little more than nine years, and for the first few years it was a story of ups and downs, and there were many times when it looked as though the predictions of the "croakers" who said Salt Lake could not maintain a commercial organization would be fulfilled.

As a part of the regular work of the Commercial club, thirty or more standing committees, composed of carefully selected business and professional men of Salt Lake, give their time and talents freely to such work as may properly come before these committees.

Among these committees are the following: Advertising and promotion, commerce, conventions, dry farming, good roads, immigration, irrigation, lands, laws and legislation, mines and mining, soil, coal and gas, public improvements and parks, and sanitation and public welfare.

The convention committee, with George E. Merrill as chairman and Joseph S. Wells, vice chairman, is one that is continuously doing good work for Salt Lake. It is this committee that arranges for work to be done in getting conventions, large and small, for Salt Lake.

The good roads committee, of which L. L. Terry is chairman, and Frank Botterill, vice chairman, has been an important factor in the movement for better roads in Salt Lake county and the state of Utah.

Important work has been done by the "All-Utah" excursion last May. 100 business men of the city were enabled to make a trip, which included practically every important town and city in Utah, and the meeting at Ogden was one which was of unquestioned benefit to every interest in Utah, although the chief benefits were

to the agricultural industry. The second dry farming congress at Salt Lake three years ago was another direct result of Commercial club activity, while a score of smaller conventions brought to Salt Lake have been either the direct results of the activity of the Commercial club or the selection of Salt Lake has been brought about largely through the activity and support of this organization.

Among these conventions procured solely or largely through the influence of the Commercial club was the national encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and numerous smaller conventions.

The Commercial club has earned the gratitude of every man, woman and child in the state of Utah through promoting and fostering in its infancy the Commercial Club Traffic Bureau. This bureau has, since its organization about two years ago, conducted a fight before the interstate commerce commission, which has brought about relief from unjust discrimination against Utah in the matter of unjust and discriminatory freight rates, and from the date that this decision of the Salt Lake case goes into effect there will be a saving of hundreds of thousands of dollars a year for the shippers of Salt Lake and Utah. Although the Commercial Club Traffic Bureau is entirely self-supporting, and conducts its affairs entirely separate from the management of the Commercial club, the bureau was organized in and by the Commercial club, and in this way the means and support indispensable to the launching of the traffic bureau were provided.

Work for Y. M. C. A.

The work for the Salt Lake City Y. M. C. A., done by the Salt Lake Commercial club, has been another feature of the club's activity in the last two years that has commended the club to the citizens of Salt Lake in a definite manner. This work consisted in raising subscriptions for \$150,000 to clear off the indebtedness of the local association, and it was accomplished by the club in a few weeks. Despite the fact that the Y. M. C. A. is still in financial trouble, because subscribers for \$30,000 of the \$150,000 have failed to make good their amounts subscribed, the club did work for the youths of Salt Lake City in this campaign that is remembered with gratitude by every citizen who is interested in the Y. M. C. A. and the work that organization is doing in Salt Lake.

In publicly work for Salt Lake and Utah, the Commercial club has been an important factor ever since its organization, although until the last few months this phase of the club's activity has been restricted through lack of funds. With the organization of the publicity bureau of the club six months ago, however, this work has gone forward with more effective results than ever before. Business men of Salt Lake have subscribed a fund which now amounts to more than \$15,000 a year, and, under the direction of the officers of the Commercial club and a committee of the club, the work of advertising the attractions and opportunities of Salt Lake and Utah is being carried on.

These are some of the things that the Commercial club has done for Salt Lake.

If the man who asks: "What has the Commercial club done for Salt Lake?" is serious in his query, this alone might justify the existence of the organization, for the fact that the Commercial club has been directly responsible for the start of the greatest legitimate real estate movement in the city in the last ten years is a good answer. Influences emanating from the purchase of a few hundred thousands of dollars worth of real estate by outside investors have spread from coast to coast, and every business interest of Salt Lake has been benefited by this item.

It was only a few years ago that Salt Lake City faced a condition where, through lack of finances, the school board announced that the public schools of Salt Lake would have to close for several months. Salt Lake did not suffer this inconvenience, humiliation and disgrace, for the simple reason that the Salt Lake Commercial club stepped in and in a few days provided funds to keep the greatest school system in the west in operation.

One of the first important movements fostered by the Salt Lake Commercial club was a series of "business getting" excursions to Idaho, Nevada and through Utah, the most recent of which was held in May, 1910. On several of these excursions the principal cities of southern Idaho and eastern Nevada have been visited by scores of Salt Lake business men, and the commercial interests of Salt Lake have been vastly benefited. On the occasion of the "All-Utah" excursion last May, 100 business men of the city were enabled to make a trip, which included practically every important town and city in Utah, and the meeting at Ogden was one which was of unquestioned benefit to every interest in Utah, although the chief benefits were

to the agricultural industry. The second dry farming congress at Salt Lake three years ago was another direct result of Commercial club activity, while a score of smaller conventions brought to Salt Lake have been either the direct results of the activity of the Commercial club or the selection of Salt Lake has been brought about largely through the activity and support of this organization.

BY AUTO THROUGH INDIAN JUNGLES

Glen Miller Gives Interesting Impressions of Life in the Antipodes.

IS LIKE ALADDIN'S DREAM

Killing of Python in Path of Motor; Many Varieties of the Oriental 'Boys.'

BY GLEN MILLER.

MANDALAY, BURMA, Oct. 20.—As I look about me I am not strongly reminded of home. Yet so rapidly does one accommodate himself to new people, new customs, strange scenes and odd adventures, that impressions must be jotted down quickly or they will be obliterated. As we drove swiftly in our auto from the Sultan of Johore's residence down a splendid road through the jungle to the town of Singapore, the shot of a gun ahead made us stop. There on the road lay a python—a snake of the variety we call "boy constrictor"—about twenty feet long and six inches through. He had been shot by a fellow of probably twenty years, the charge being that he was a snake and a nuisance. Though not poisonous, these snakes will kill by coil around a man in a circus has become a matter of passing moment in a land where we see wild monkeys playing around like dogs, squirrels, elephants piling up timber and a sort of buffalo doing the general work of the country.

Our automobile took us through magnificent groves of coconut, palms and banana trees. Few sights are prettier than the tall coconut tree, with its "feather duster" top, the moon throwing great shadows across the road, and fires from native huts gleaming here and there through the vistas of tropical verdure. The bamboo, which, with the Chinaman, makes up the mainstay of the hot countries, abounds on every side. Nutmeg, clove, cinnamon, castor oil and quinine trees or shrubs excite our new interest; while fringing the paths are small plants so sensitive that they fold up if touched even so lightly as with a hair.

It seems so incongruous—this mixture of savage and civilized life, of ancient and up-to-date methods. To get out of an automobile which has been whizzing you at forty miles an hour, step into a sedan chair and be borne up a hill by four naked coolies in a mode that has prevailed for two thousand years, is something like a weird dream. Indeed, I rub my eyes more than once to make sure that what I see is not some phantasm caused by reading the Arabian Nights. For instance,

as I came out of my room tonight I found a bundle in my door that looked like a pair of pants that had dropped there. It began to undo itself and straightened up like a jack-knife. It was my Hindu servant. These cadaverous creatures, who fill out their lean forms in the daytime by turbans and flowing robes, simply drop down on a step, on a shelf or a wash basin, or a rail and go to sleep. They seem like apparitions.

Learning the Guide.

I haven't fully gotten acquainted with this "friend, philosopher and guide," whom I have hired for the magnificent sum of 30 cents a day, to fully size him up. But, reserving the privilege of changing my opinions at any future date, I venture to give some off-hand impressions. He came to me a week ago, bringing letters of recommendation from sundry persons, and looking as if he hadn't had a square meal since he was born. He is sad and humble—oh, so humble! When he doesn't address me as "Your honor," he calls me "Master," and talks in mournful tone. His English is fairly good, besides which he speaks Hindi, Malay, Burmese, Chinese and some other languages I never heard of till I struck this blessed land. He packs my trunk, blacks my shoes, waits on me at the table, looks after the baggage, guides me to the interesting places, settles the bills, hires the conveyances and tells me whatever I want to know—which isn't a little. As I said before, he does all this for 30 cents a day and boards himself (or goes without board, it may be). Around his head is a big, blue turban, and a cotton suit covers his lank limbs. I should guess he is thirty-five years of age, but he may be eighteen or sixty. I press the button—he does the rest!

Now, I haven't gotten aristocratic; and, as I may want some day to run for office at home, I wish to announce in advance that this valet was not premeditated nor any outcome of hifalutin ambitions. Everybody over here has to have a servant. If a lady goes for dinner to a neighbor's she takes along her servants to see that she gets waited on properly at the table and has the good things from the kitchen. If a man travels he takes his "boy" to look after things. So I have my boy, and his name, for short, is "A Sam Pillai." Besides this servant I take with me bedding, blankets and pillows, as necessary to travel.

Varieties of "Boys."

Speaking of "boys," I have now been through four varieties: the Chinese, the Japanese, the Filipino and the Hindu. The Chinese "boy" is by all odds the best of the lot, and as he moves about in his spotless white pique, his pants bound closely around his ankles, and his neat pigtail hanging close to the floor, I cannot picture a more devoted, faithful servant—provided he is started right! I didn't start some of mine right and so had to begin over with new ones. For instance, I accidentally put some chutney sauce on my bread at the first meal in one hotel, and thereafter my bread was soaked in the fiery hot stuff while that boy waited at my table. But oh! how close I studied my wants and brought me the best there was of

everything. Yet he could not be hired to do anything below his position, and if I wanted extra pillow for my bed the "coolie" was sent by the "boy" to fetch it. He showed me his coffin, of which he is very proud. He keeps it as carefully as I do the dress suit which I pull out for Alta club banquets and charity balls.

I have had the same widely varying types of bath tubs that I have had of "boys" since leaving the land of the striped flag. First on shipboard was the great canvas tank, for all the world like a huge bag, holding a hundred barrels of water. Here I would swim each morning. In Japan the bath consisted of a sunken place in the floor, a la Pompeii; when I got in it I jumped about six feet, the water was so hot. In China I found an immense stone bowl, and in Manila a real American bath tub. On the North German Lloyd steamer from Hongkong to Singapore I was nearly drowned in the bath tub, but swam to the brim and saved myself.

In Singapore my room was in two stories, on the upper story my bed, surrounded by mosquito bar, and beneath this a great bath room twenty feet square. Here is a large round tub, from which I dip the water and pour it over my body, the tiled floor of the room curving away the liquid. As I notice one of the rules of the hotel is that "guests must not carry away the furniture," I have decided not to bring the bath tub away with me.

"Heathen Chinese" Does Well.

The "heathen Chinese" appears to have done mighty well in this section of England's possessions. Numerous "killings" that will compare with Thomas Kearn's in magnificence, surrounded by grounds that are simply beyond description in their beauty, are owned by native Chinamen here. Indeed, four-fifths of the business is done by Chinese, and, as for the commercial sagacity, surpasses the Hebrew. The banks, the stores, the big commercial houses, are filled with Chinamen, whose honesty and skill are proverbial.

The effect of the recent (May 1) rubber boom is evident on all sides. In Java, in Sumatra, in the Malay peninsula, plantations of pineapples and bananas and coffee trees are being torn up and replanted in rubber trees. The milky sap running down the rubber trees and filling the cups tacked to the bark is the familiar sight. These rubber plantations have been boomed and boomed until they mark an advance in the stock markets greater than our mining concerns. On the other hand, there has been a drop and drop and drop until millions have been left paupers. It is a great region for speculation—and the fever in turn has turned from spice to coffee, coffee to pineapples, pineapples to coconuts, coconuts to quinine, quinine to tin, and tin to rubber. The Chinese are the most daring of the speculators, but Japanese, English, Dutch, Germans and Portuguese have all had a hold hand in it. It is impossible not to believe, however, that with the world's growing demand for rubber these island possessions of the various nations in the tropics are becoming of untold value. If our American people would awake to the tremendous possibilities of the Philippines, which are adapted to the rubber tree as fully as in Brazil, there would be a wonderful activity in this field of commerce.

Land of Rickshaws. Ever since we landed in Japan, with the exception of the time we spent in the Philippines, we have been in the land of the rickshaw. This little buggy or "baby carriage," as some one has dubbed it, is the nicest, easiest and cheapest way of going about that one meets. Pulled by the coolie, whose strength and endurance are remarkable, it carries you about at surprising gait, and costs practically nothing.

In Japan and China the rickshaws are "single," carrying one person; in the Malay states they are made for two. The cost of rickshaw hire in Japan is 20 cents an hour, in China 10 cents an hour, and in the Malay countries 20 cents an hour for two persons. Somehow I still feel a sense of shame in having a human being for a horse.

The cafeteria of the Young Women's Christian Association, 49 South Main, now open to the public. Meals from 12 to 2.

SPLENDID RECORD MADE BY OPENSHAW

Medical Student From Salt Lake Will Soon Return to Begin Practice.



DR. CLARENCE OPENSHAW.

(Special to The Herald-Republican.) Chicago, Nov. 26.—Dr. Clarence Openshaw, son of John Openshaw, with the exchange department of the Utah National bank of Salt Lake, will leave this city for his home about December 10, where he intends to commence the practice of medicine. Dr. Openshaw is considered one of the most competent men on the Cook county medical staff. Dr. Openshaw was born in Salt Lake City, received all of his preliminary education in that city. In 1903 he was graduated from the four years' course at the L. D. S. high school. After working two years as a collector and bookkeeper for the Utah National bank, he entered the medical school of the University of Utah.

In June, 1909, he received his certificate for the completion of the two years of medicine at the University of Utah, and the following year entered the Northwestern Medical school of this city with full junior standing. At the end of his junior year he was chosen first place by a small fraction. In June, 1909, he won first place in the Illinois state board examinations.

During the eighteen months he has been at Cook county hospital, where there are 3,500 daily patients, he has had service in all departments. He had six months' service in internal medicine under Drs. Joseph I. Miller and Joseph G. Capps, six months' surgical service with Dr. C. J. Rowan, H. T. Lewis, G. F. Thompson and Lawrence Ryan, and six months of obstetrical and special service under the best physicians in this city.

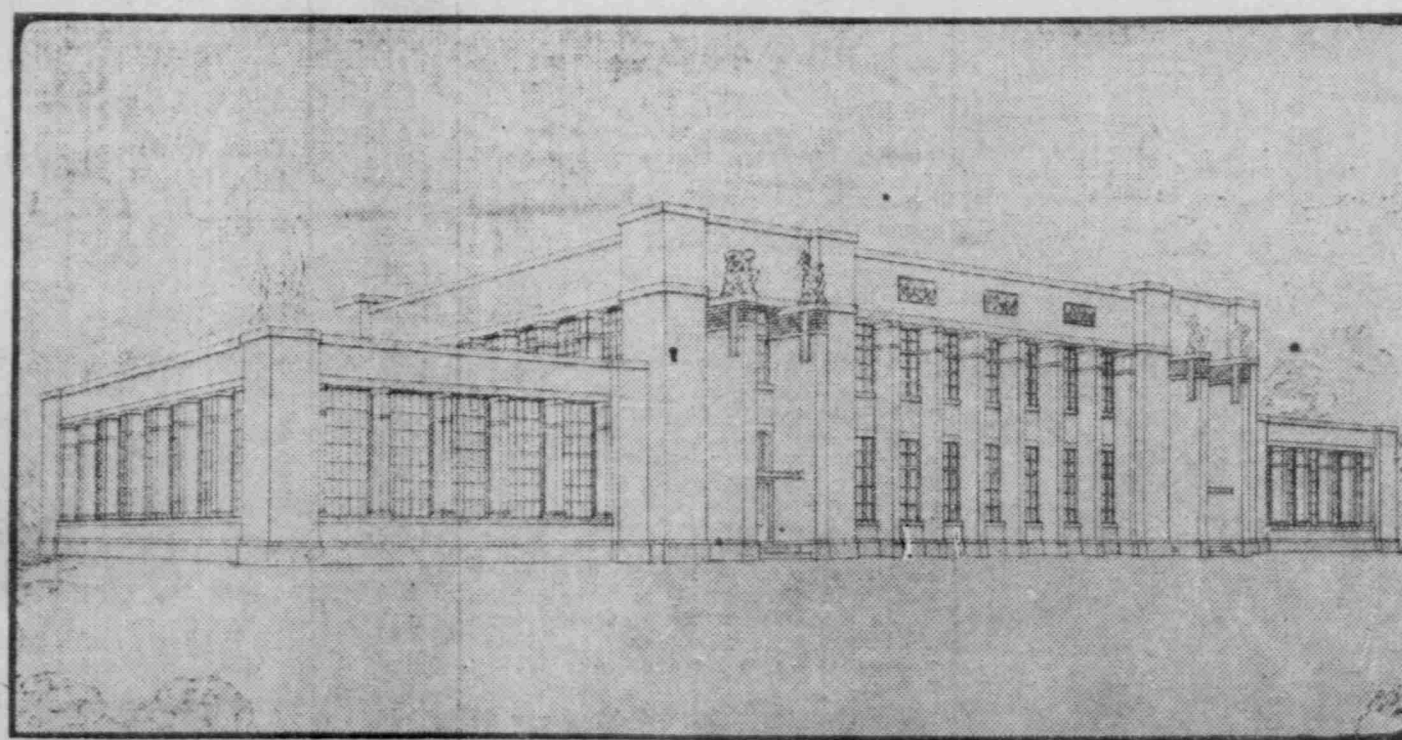
He will complete his work at the Cook county hospital on December 10, will then spend a short time in the Chicago isolation hospital, where he will do special work on contagious diseases. He will then return to Salt Lake, where he will take up the practice of medicine.

Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Millions boxes a month.

MODEL TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL FOR CITY



TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL NOW BEING ERECTED

THIS roomy building, now in process of erection on the High school grounds, will add to the public school system of Salt Lake one of the best equipped technical high schools of the west. Built on a magnificent scale, it will have ample room for a full department in every branch of manual training and practical trade courses to be offered.

The accompanying cut is the original drawing by Architects Cannon and Pitzer, and represents the institution as it will appear when completed next year. At present only the foundations have been installed, though active work will

be carried on this winter as long as the weather permits.

With dimensions of 225 by 75 feet, the structure will cover the major portion of the western section of the High school block. It is being constructed with brick walls and concrete floors and ceilings. Little wood will be used. Even the window casings will be of steel, the idea being to make the entire building absolutely fireproof.

The first floor will be devoted to a carpenter shop, wood turning shop, machine shop, forge and foundry. These departments will also extend into the basement, where the storerooms and the school office will be located. Above these will be two large draft-

ing rooms, a spacious lecture hall and study rooms. Carving and exhibition rooms have also been provided for in the plans. These will all be equipped with up-to-date apparatus for the carrying on of detailed courses, which will become a part of the city's high school system.

A separate heating and ventilating plant will be installed in connection with the building, bringing the total cost to \$100,000, approximately.

The Technical high school is to be maintained as a separate institution from the high school proper, where courses of an entirely different nature will be offered. It will have its own faculty.

PEEVISH

children are sick children. Don't be cross and slap or scold them. Give them Kikapoo Worm Killer (it tastes like candy) and see how quickly they change to happy, good-natured children that play all day, sleep well at night, and look rugged and well nourished. Price, 25c., sold by druggists everywhere, and by Schramm-Johnson, Drugs, "The Never Substitutes" five stores "Where the Cars Stop."

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